







**This is an allegorical work.  
Based on the public domain book  
Flower Children by Elizabeth Gordon  
With illustrations by M. T. Ross**

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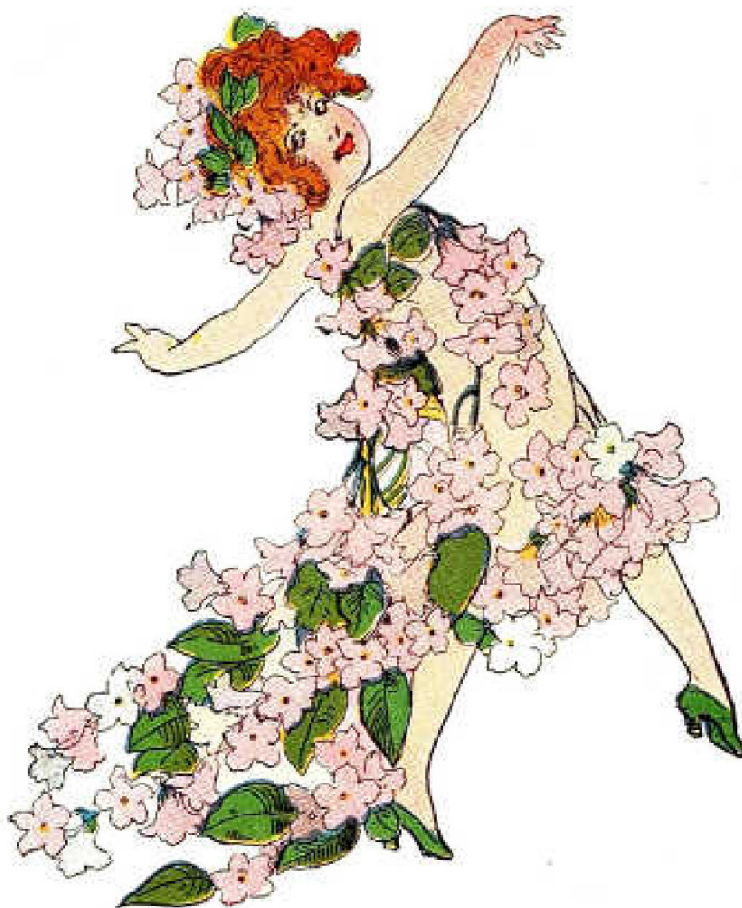
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SAID CROCUS: "My! this wind is cold!  
Most wish I had not been so bold;  
Here the fields are still all brown;  
Glad I wore my eider-down."



TRAILING ARBUTUS, you know,  
Loves to grow beneath the snow.  
Other folks would find it chilly,  
She says that's absurdly silly.



EAGER little Daffodil

Came too soon and got a chill;

Jack Frost pinched her ear and said,

“Silly child, go back to bed.”



HYACINTH, the pretty thing,  
Comes to us in early spring;  
Says she always loves to hear  
Easter bells a-ringing clear.

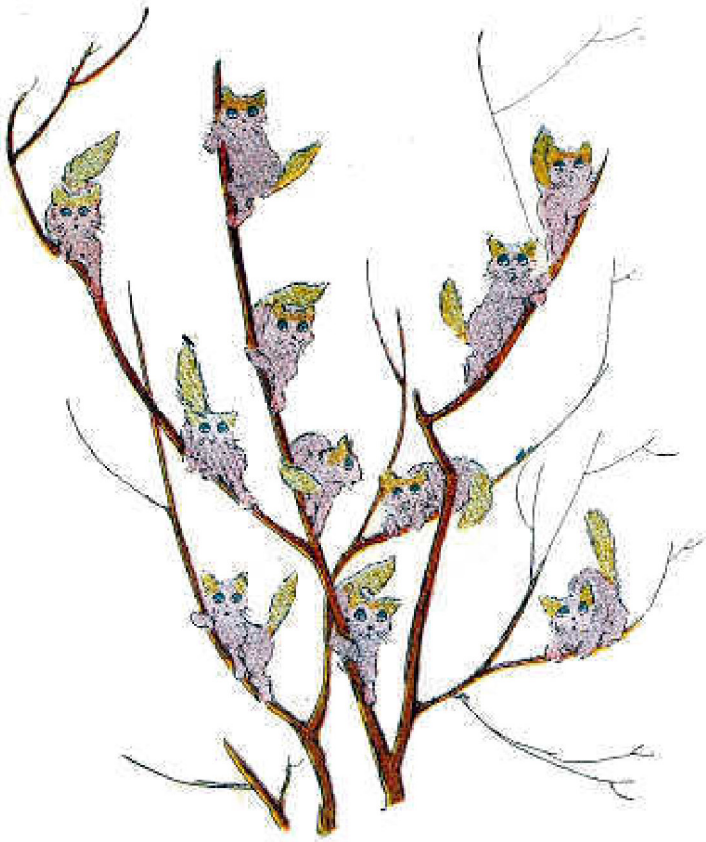


LADY TULIP, stately dame,  
From across the ocean came;  
Liked this country very much,  
Although she only spoke in Dutch.



LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY said  
She guessed she was a sleepy-head;  
But she got up and dressed for town  
In her new green tailored gown.





PUSSY WILLOW said, "Meow!  
Wish someone would tell me how  
Other kittens get around  
And roll and frolic on the ground."





PRIMROSE is the dearest thing  
She loves to play out doors in spring;  
But if a little child is ill,  
She's happy on the window sill.



GRANDFATHER Dandelion had such pretty hair,  
Along came a gust of wind and left his head quite bare;  
Young Dandelion generously offered him some gold,  
To buy a cap to keep his dear old head from being cold.



WIND-FLOWER on an April day,  
Came along and said she'd stay;  
Wore her furs snug as you please,  
Said she liked the nice, cool breeze.



ANEMONES and Bluets grew,  
All the woodland pathway through;  
Came along one day together,  
Didn't mind the April weather.



LILAC wears a purple plume,  
Scented with a sweet perfume;  
Very high-born lady she,  
Quite proud of her family tree.



TRILLIUM said "Why, deary me,  
I'm just as freckled as can be,"  
Her cousin Tiger-Lily said,  
"Well, look at me, I'm almost red."





PANSIES like the shaded places;  
With their little friendly faces,  
Always seem to smile and say:  
“How are all the folks to-day?”



JOHNNIE-JUMP-UP made a bet,  
That he could pass for Violet.  
What spoiled the little rascal's game?  
The scent he used was not the same.





LADY'S-SLIPPER in the wood,  
Said she really wished she could  
Have a pretty dress and go  
With sister to the flower show.



MODEST little Violet  
Was her loving Mother's pet;  
Didn't care to go and play,  
Rather stay at home all day.



COWSLIP dearly loves to romp  
Around the bottom of the swamp;  
She comes along in early spring,  
Before the grass, or anything.



FRAGRANT little Mignonette,  
In a shower got quite wet;  
Laughed and said she didn't care  
It looked like jewels in her hair.



APPLE BLOSSOM is a fairy,  
Swinging in a tree so airy;  
By and by the little sprite  
Sprinkles the ground with pink and white.



LITTLE golden-hearted Daisy  
Told the sun that she felt lazy;  
Said the earth was quite too wet,  
She thought she wouldn't open yet.





LAUGHING, lucky Four-Leafed Clover

Is a most atrocious rover;  
Doesn't stay long in one place,  
Goes and never leaves a trace.



THIRSTY little Buttercup  
Caught the dew and drank it up,  
Said cool water was so good,  
She didn't seem to care for food.





SWEET little maid Forget-Me-Not,  
She's such a darling little tot;  
A blue-eyed child with modest ways,  
She's never spoiled a bit by praise.



COMMON little Garden Pink,  
Went away to school—just think!  
When she came home for vacation,  
Made them call her Rose Carnation.



BOUNCING BETTY stood all day  
In the hedge row by the way;  
By-and-by she crept outside,  
And got so scared she nearly cried.



MORNING-GLORY thought she'd look  
Through the window at the cook;  
Didn't know 't was impolite  
To give a body such a fright.



HONEYSUCKLE, pretty vine,  
Loved about the porch to twine.  
Thought t'was just too sweet for words  
To visit with the humming-birds.



WILD ROSE runs round everywhere,  
Likes to breathe the nice fresh air;  
Even her high-bred connection  
Cannot match her pink complexion.



COLUMBINE's a happy sprite,  
Dances with fairies every night;  
She feeds them honey when they go,  
That's why the fairies love her so.





CUNNING LITTLE Blue-eyed Grass,  
Smiles up at you as you pass;  
Looks as if a bit of sky,  
Had fallen down from 'way up high.





NASTURTIUM grew so big and tall,  
He climbed up on the garden wall;  
His little sister couldn't go  
Dear child, she never seemed to grow.



PANSY SAID she wished she knew  
What made Lark-spur look so blue;  
Larkspur smiled and said 't was only  
'Cause she felt a little lonely.



OH, HAVE you seen the sweet Briar-Rose?

She wears the very dearest clothes,

A hat the sweetest ever seen,

And dainty frock all shades of green.



BLUEBELL softly, gently sways  
Through the long hot summer days;  
Lives where nothing else can grow,  
That's why we all love her so.



GERANIUM wears a scarlet gown,  
With trimmings shading into brown;  
Her cousin is a dainty sprite,  
She dresses modestly in white.



SWEET ALYSSUM plays around  
On any little piece of ground;  
Takes up hardly any room,  
And sheds a very sweet perfume.





SIMPLE LOOKING Blue-eyed Flax

Helped the farmer pay his tax;

Was busy all the season through;

Said it wasn't hard to do.





BLEEDING HEART, against the wall,  
Told her woes to one and all.  
Live-Forever said, "Forget it;  
Life treats you the way you let it."



SWEET PEA said she thought they might  
Give her a dress that wasn't white;  
So Mother Nature chose for her  
All the colors that there were.



SNAP-DRAGON is so very bold,  
He plays his tricks on young and old;  
Hides behind the old stone wall,  
And shoots his pop-gun at us all.



RAGGED ROBIN on a lark  
Stole inside of Central Park;  
There they treated her so well,  
She soon looked like a city Belle.



YARROW PINK and Yarrow White,  
Stole in on the lawn one night;  
Gardener said they had no sense,  
But they didn't take offense.



IRIS in a country garden,  
Politely said, "I beg your pardon,  
But I'm from sunny France you see  
And my real name is Fleur-de-Lis."





PEONY 'S a charming lady,  
She doesn't like a spot too shady;  
Likes to live out in the light,  
Dressed in red or pink or white.





### About the Author

**Larry W Jones is a songwriter, having penned over 7,700 song lyrics. Published in 22 volumes of island themed, country, cowboy, western and bluegrass songs. The entire assemblage is the world's largest collection of lyrics written by an individual songwriter.**

**As a wrangler on the "Great American Horse Drive", at age 68, he assisted in driving 800 half-wild horses 62 miles in two days, from Winter pasture grounds in far NW Colorado to the Big Gulch Ranch outside of Craig Colorado.**

**His book, "The Oldest Greenhorn", chronicles the adventures and perils in earning the "Gate-to-Gate" trophy belt buckle the hard way.**



**Other short story books include:**

**A Squirrel Named Julie and The Fox Ridge Fox**  
**The Painting Of A Dream**  
**The Boy With Green Thumbs and The Wild Tree Man**  
**Red Cloud – Chief Of the Sioux**  
**Spotted Tail – The Orphan Negotiator**  
**Little Crow – The Fur Trapper's Patron**  
**Chief Gall – The Strategist**  
**Crazy Horse – The Vision Quest Warrior**  
**Sitting Bull - The Powder River Power**  
**Rain-In-The-Face – The Setting Sun Brave**  
**Two Strike – The Lakota Club Fighter**  
**Chief American Horse – The Oglala Councilor**  
**Chief Dull Knife – The Sharp-Witted Cheyenne**  
**Chief Joseph – Retreat From Grande Ronde**  
**The Oregon Trail Orphans**  
**Up and Over – A Hike In The Rockies**

**All his publications are available on [Lulu.com](https://www.lulu.com).**